

ways have our light in our window for we know not at what time a wanderer may be searching for a light.

Sometimes just a dim light may chance to shine upon a gutter into which some poor wayward one has fallen and help them to see their danger before it is too late. We know not whom we may help or who needs our help so we should always keep our lamp well filled and well trimmed so as to give a radiant light from our window. "Jesus bids us shine, you in your small corner and I in mine."

"Keep a light in the window my brother,
Illumined the pathway should be
Keep a bright shining light in the window
And night will we brighter for thee.

Keep a light in the window my brother,
The tempter is setting a snare
But a ray from the light in your window
May help the poor sinner beware."

Home Circle

A STRONG FAMILY

"You just ought to feel my muscle, papa," said Johnny. "Ain't it big and hard?"

The blue blouse and flannel shirt were pushed up into wrinkles at the shoulder, and a very soft, pink arm presented itself proudly for inspection.

"Pretty good for seven years," said papa, smiling. "I hope some day to see you as strong as a family I know, who carry the world on their shoulders."

"What's their name?" asked Johnny forgetting his muscle at this first hint of a story.

"There name is Never," answered his father, with a queer little wrinkle at each eye corner, as if a smile was curled up there.

"Never! What a funny name!" exclaimed Johnny. "What are their other names?"

"Oh, there are a lot of them! There's Mr. Never-drink; he has such clear eyes and such a steady step you'd know him anywhere—a strong fellow is Mr. Never-drink, always ready to lift his end of the log.

"Another is Mr. Never-swear; you'd know him by the company he keeps, and I suppose he grows strong by not wasting his breath. Then there's Mr. Never-lie, everybody trusts him; and Mr. Never-be-unkind, everybody loves him; and Mr. Never-forget, who loses nothing and Mr. Never-be-idle, who does the world's work; and Mr. Never-be-discouraged"—

Papa stopped and laughed aloud; for Johnny was in the midst of a big yawn.

"You don't seem to care much about my strong people, Jack," he said.

"I like stories about sho'nuff people," owned Johnny.

"All right. Once there was a little boy who wanted to be very strong—oh, as strong as Samson! So he went to

the strongest man in N street and asked him how he got so strong and hardy. 'By never touching strong drink,' said the strong man on N street. He asked another steady fellow. 'Never swear,' said the man; it takes you into low company, where God and men are dishonored.' Another said, 'Never lie.' 'A single lie takes away a man's courage'—

"Who was that little boy, papa?" interrupted Johnny.

"He was that little boy that I want my little boy to be," answered his father. "I want him to make friends with the Nevers, because they are the friends of God, and their family motto is, 'Thus saith the Lord, Thou shalt not.'"—*Presbyterian*.

WHY HE QUIT DRINKING

Professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and going up to the bar called for whiskey. A seedy individual stepped up to him and said:

"I say, squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?"

He was annoyed by the man's familiarity and roughly told him:

"I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps."

The tramp replied:

"You need not be so cranky and high-minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn, and he will bring you to just the same place I am."

Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots mismated, his clothing filthy.

"Then, was it drinking that made you like this?"

"Yes, it was, and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it."

Picking up his untouched glass, he poured its contents upon the floor and said, "Then it's time I quit," and left the saloon, never to enter it again.—*Exchange*.

DOING ERRANDS WITH THE HEART

Tom was reading about a boy who did errands with his heart as well as with his hands and feet. "Did errands with his heart?" Tom said, in a vexed tone: "That's a silly way to talk."

Grandma, who heard Tom's remark, said, "Will you go to the attic, Tom, and bring down an old jacket that you will find on the blue chest?"

Tom drew a long sigh; then he frowned and stretched and yawned, as he said to his sister, "Can't you go? you are not doing anything."

Belle did not wish to go, so Tom dragged himself slowly out of the room, and after a while came back with a sour face, and drawing the jacket by one sleeve.

"It seems to me," said grandma, "that you are not much like the boy in your book."

"Why, grandma?"

"Because you do errands with your hands and feet, but not with your heart.

Your feet and hands obeyed, but the best part of obedience was left out. If I should ask you to go to my closet for a bag of candy for yourself, would you go for it just as you went for the jacket?"

Tom thought he would go fast enough for that.

Then said grandma, "Real love does not seek one's own pleasure, but is kind, and patient, and unselfish."

"If an errand is done, what does it matter how it is done?" asked Tom.

"Service without love is like sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," said grandma.

Then Tom understood about the boy who did errands with his heart, and when his mother called him to get a pail of water for her, he tried to be like that boy,—*Westminster Junior Lessons*—

Our Young People

HOW TO KEEP OUR TALENTS

Matt. 25: 14-36

Topic for March 31

It seems to be the popular belief of the world, that what a person has, and can get, belongs to himself, and that therefore he has a right to use his time, money, talents, all, in any way he pleases, just so he keeps the laws of the state. The remark is often made, "O that's all right if one can afford it," as if a rich person had more right to indulge self more than a poor person. This is to deny our dependence upon God, to reject the obligation we owe to him, and to give only base ingratitude for the mercies received from him.

Christians at least ought to read their Bibles enough to know that we are not owners, but *stewards*, and as stewards all that is in our possession is to be used for the Master, only a living being reserved.

What will be done with that servant who squanders his time and talents in riotous living and gives only a beggar's pittance to his Lord? What will be done with that Christian who uses his voice in a political campaign but not in the prayer meeting, who has money enough for tobacco and pleasure trips and fine clothes, but only an occasional penny or nickel for the Lord's work?

It is time, O young people, that we rise to the New Testament conception of stewardship. Luke 14: 33, (R V.) "He that renounceth not all that he hath cannot be my disciple."

Josiah Strong states the principle in this way, "Everything is to be used in that way which will most glorify God." We might use then as a leading thought, I Cor. 4: 2. "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful."

Here are other Scriptures bearing on the topic:

1. Everything belongs to God. Matt. 25: 14; I Chron. 29: 11; Ezek. 18: 4; Hag. 2: 8.
2. The Lord has entrusted some portion to the care of each one. Matt. 25: 14; Luke 19: 14 and 27; Deut. 8: 18.
3. Each has been given according to his ability. Matt. 25: 15; Rom. 12: 6-9; Luke 12: 48.
4. Everything is used as the Lord wishes. Matt.